

Jack White

"Wayfaring Stranger"

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I am a poor wayfaring stranger
Travelling through this world of woe
There is no sickness, toil or danger
In that fairy land to which I go

I'm going home
To see my mother
I'm going home
No more to roam
I am just going over Jordan
I am just going over home

I know dark clouds will hover on me,
I know my pathway is rough and steep
Beauteous fields lie right before me
Where weary eyes no more will weep
I'm going home to see my father
I'm going home no more to roam
I am just going over Jordan
I am just going over home

I'll soon be free from earthy trial
This form will rest beneath the sun
I'll drop the cross of self-denial
And enter in that home with God
I'm going home to see my savior
I'm going home no more to roam
I am just going over Jordan
I am just going over home

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